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**OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
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G. M. CHAFFEE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

• POETRY.

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!  
I know that hardship tells on pain,  
Like rigorous winter in the soul;  
Which doth mature the hardy grain,  
Call forth in man his noblest powers!  
Therefore I hold my head erect,  
And amid life's severest hours,  
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!  
You emmanned slave of lineage high,  
The game-law lord who owns the soil,  
Is not so free a man as I!  
He wears the letters of his clan;  
Wealth, birth and rank have hedged him in,  
I heed but this, that I am wiz;  
And to the great in mind think!

Thank God, that like the mountain oak,  
My root is with the storms of life;  
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;  
And patience in the daily strife.  
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,  
Decade not, however aloft may deem;  
'Tis the degrades—to cringe and bow,  
And spye the vice we detest.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence  
Come courage, patience, hardihood;  
And that sad experience  
Which leaves us bosoons flesh and blood;  
Brother in toil, respect shineth;  
And let thy steadfast virtue show  
That man is nobler far than pelf!

Thank God for toil, nor fear the face  
Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin,  
That blight which mars all outward grace,  
And dims the light of peace within!  
Give me thy hand, my brother, give  
Thy hand and toiled stained hand to me;  
We are no dreamers, we shall live;  
A brighter, better day to see!

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"  
The little opening flower transplanted crieth;  
"Not to myself alone I bid and bloom;  
With fragrant breath the breeze I perfume,  
And gladdest all things with my rainbow dyes:  
The bee comes sipping, every eventide;  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed my myriad host;  
A friendly bosom to heaven's open gate,  
I pen the sky;

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high!"

"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—  
"Not to myself alone I range the song—  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue;  
And bear the mourner on my weeping wings;  
I bid the hymn as court my anthem strain,  
And sing alone."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispering at its gentle way—  
"Not to myself alone I sparkle bright glole;  
I scatter the dew and health on every side,  
And strew the fields with herds and flowers gay;  
Long go the common task and bare,  
My gushing time;

I sweetly and retell the languid air  
In drowsy June."

"Not to myself alone,"  
O, man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part  
Chiefest of gods at love's unbridging feast,  
Play not the niggard, spurn not native clod,  
And well known;

Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,  
Not to thyself alone.

WEEP NOT.

"Weep not"—when vain the words—how sad in sorrow  
Fall the cold words of comfort on the ear  
"Weep not"—such gentle lips no phrases barrow  
To soothe the grief—when she weeps

"Weep not"—Go tell the breast whose feather three  
Brought the young life, to still her fond caresses,  
And flush her translucent, ere to voiceless woe

"Then say 'tis." He came—weep not! "Did we inherit  
No earthly sympathies to hold those frail  
Endearing ties, then might the thitning spirit  
Need the wise counsel, and the words prevail?

We have best loved to look on—when 'tis flown,  
Gaze we not backwards on its lingering traces,  
As on life's darkened path we tread alone?  
The bird pine for its mate—nay, if a flower,  
It too too rapidly from its green stem torn,

The tree will drop and die. It is the bower  
Of hearts that beat have loved to deepest mourn.

"Weep—welcome tears!" any rather, there is sorrow  
Than know'st not of—the balm of tears denies.

Night is not glad in going on To-morrow,  
But sheds her silent tears when Daylight dries.

Aeolian on the death of Col. Watson.

Weep for the brave, the talented, the good!  
A chief who for his country died his blood;

The patriot soldier, and the nation's pride,  
Sleeps with two knighthood, and like Ringgold died.

None more respected are now left living—*the last*

## THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

#### NATHAN HALE.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his aged mother farewell.

I see that picture before me now.

A two story house, built of dark grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the road-side, while all around arise the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hay-rick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; everything seems beautiful and holy. There is a purple flush upon the Western sky, a sombre richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbues and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder, on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silver hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lays open on her knee. Her dress is of plain rudd texture, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her home-spun costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance, are upraised. She is gazing in the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting frock, faced with fur, while his rifle rested against the door and his pistols are girded to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume, this, but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read, a clear soul, shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant-meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yes, fresh from the halls of YALE, the poetry of the Past, shining serenely in his soul, here to his childhood's home, comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you.

One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew volume—with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue, now lost to man, in the silence of ages, he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by, the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first DEAD MAN OF LEXINGTON.

That sight roused his blood: the voices of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; put on the hunting shirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes, which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room, whose walls had recognized the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

"He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

The form—which we lately beheld in the gloom—now rises, and confronts the British soldier.

It needs no second glance to tell us that we behold the Enthusiast of Yale. That dress is soiled and torn, that face is sunken in the cheeks, wild and glaring in the eyes, yet we can recognize the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

"I am to die in the morning," began the student, or prisoner, as you may choose to call him.

"Yes," growled the Provost, "you were taken

as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning, you will be hanged as a spy."

That was the fatal secret. General Washington desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island: he would examine the enemy's post: he would perish his life for Washington. Nay, he would perish more than his life; he would perish his honor. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope, dies in honor: but the man who is taken as a spy, swings on the gibbet, an object of loathing and scorn. But this young soldier would dare it all, the gallows and the dishonor: all for the sake of Washington.

"General," was the sublime expression of the Enthusiast, "when I volunteered in the army of liberty, it was my intention to devote my soul to the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask, in what capacity does my country want me. You tell me that I will render her great service by this expedition to Long Island. All I can answer is with one word—bid me depart, and I will go!"

He went, obtained the information which he sought, and was about to leave the shore of the Island for New York, when he was discovered.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his last betraying effort, yet it was not the agitation of death. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the Giraffe!

He now approached the British officer, and spoke in a calm, yet hollow voice:

"My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters."

He extended some four or five letters, among

which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, one to Washington.

"Promise me, that you will have those letters delivered after I am dead."

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then, with an oath, made answer:

"By—, I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!"

sive tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unfaltering voice, she bade him go, fight for his country and conquer in the name of God.

"Or—she exclaimed, placing her hands against his breast, while her eyes were riveted to his face, 'should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a Soldier's death!'

"That was the last word she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

When we look for him again, the scene is changed. It is night, yet, through the gloom, the white tents of the British army rise up like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island hills.

It is night, yet the stars look down upon that Red Cross banner, now floating sullenly to the ocean breeze.

We look for the Enthusiast of Yale! Yonder, in a dark room, through whose solitary window pours the mild gleam of the stars, yonder we behold the dusky outlines of a human form, with head bent low and arms folded over the chest.

It is very dark in the room, very still, yet can you discover the bearing of the soldier in the uncertain outline of that form, yet can you hear the tread of the sentinel on the sands without.

Suddenly that form arises, and draws near the solitary window. The stars gleam over a pale face, with eyes burning with unnatural light. It is dusky and dim, the faint light, but still you can read the traces of agony like death, anguish like despair, stamped on the brow; and cheek, and lip of that youthful countenance.

You should have thought of these things before you, young man," exclaimed the Liveried Hangman. As for Bible or Preacher, I can tell you at once, that you'll get neither through me."

The young man sank slowly in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The brave Briton, whose courage had been so beautifully manifested in these last insults to a dying man, stood regarding the object of his spite with a brutal scowl.

Ere a moment was gone, the young man looked up again, and exclaimed—

"For the love of Christ do not deny me the consolations of religion in this hour!"

A loud laugh echoed around the room, and the Condemned Spy was in darkness.

Who shall dare to lift the veil from that Enthusiast's heart, and picture the agony which shook his soul, during the slow-moving hours of his last night? Now his thoughts were with his books, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the pages of that Hebrew volume, where the breeze of Palestine swells over the waves of Jordan, and the songs of Israel resound for evermore; now with his aged mother, or his betrothed; and then a vision of that great course of glory which his life was to have been, came home to his soul.

That course of glory, those high aspirations, those yearnings of Genius after the Ideal, were now to be cut off forever by—the Gibbet's rope!

I will confess, that to me there is something terrible in the last night of the Condemned Spy. Never does my eye rest upon the page of American history, that I do not feel for his fate, and feel more bitterly when I think of the injustice of that history. Yes, let the truth be spoken, our history is terribly unjust to the poor—the neglected—the Martyrs, whose fate it was, not to suffer in the storm of battle, but in the cell, or by the gibbet's rope. How many brave hearts were choked to death by the rope, or buried beneath the cells of the goal, after the agonies of fever? Where do you find their names in history?

And the young man, with a handsome form, a natural genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tear for him?

We weep for Andre, and yet he was a mere Gambler, who staked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a Plotter from motives altogether mercenary. We sing hymns about him, and yet with all his accomplishments, he was one of the main causes of Arnold's ruin; he it was who helped to drag the Patriot down to the Traitor.

But this young man, who watches his last night on yonder Long Island shore—where are

the former, and the latter? And should the day come, when a Temple will be erected to the Memory of the Heroes of the Revolution—the Man-Gods of our Past—then, beneath the light of that temple's dome, among the sculptured images of Washington and his compatriots, we will place one poor broken column of New England granite, surrounded by a single leaf of laurel, inscribed with the motto—"Alas! that I have but one life for my country!" and this poor column, and leaf of laurel and motto, shall be consecrated with the name of

#### NATHAN HALE.

#### THE GUN-COTTON.

We saw experiments made upon the gun-cotton, to-day, at the War Office. The President was present, with three of the members of his cabinet. He produced the packet, which Professor Shonbein had sent by Mr. Robertson, the American consul at Bremen, to be opened only in the presence of the President. The envelope was sealed, a mass of cotton, of a deeper yellow tinge than common, presented itself—and weighing about 60 or 70 grains. Col. Talcott, the head of the Ordnance Bureau, and Mr. Robertson proceeded to make some experiments. A small quantity of the prepared cotton was laid upon a white sheet of paper. When touched with another piece of paper, on fire, the cotton instantaneously exploded, producing a small volume of smoke, and leaving slight stains with very small particles on the paper. The best gunpowder was then exploded. It produced more smoke and left larger stains—thus showing that the combustion was more complete in the former than in the latter case.

A small quantity of cotton was then thrown over some grains of gunpowder, but both exploded together. In this respect, as well as in the stains upon paper, the tests failed. On applying to the tongue these particles, which were left upon paper by the combustion of cotton alone, it presented the alkaline taste—showing that the fluid in which the cotton had been immersed was not completely prepared—a portion of the potash from the nitre had been deposited in the vessel, and dipping the cotton into it had imbued some of the alkali, or some of the nitre itself.

Upon Col. Talcott's putting some of the cotton into a gun, with a cap on, an explosion took place with comparatively little noise. On loading the gun a second time with about ten grains of the cotton, a wad of paper upon it, and a ball and another wad upon, the gun was fired with a smart noise. It was discharged from the upper window of the War Office, and aimed at the Navy Office, about forty yards distant. The ball was found about eighty yards from the base of the Navy Office, from which it had recoil, after making a smart indentation in the stone wall; and so great was the force with which it had gone and rebounded, that when it was picked up it was found considerably flattened and smashed.

It is evident, however, that the cotton was not prepared in the best manner. Mr. Robertson is about to have a certain quantity of the raw material (say twenty-five pounds) manufactured in the most scientific manner, and further experiments are to be made at the arsenal with the delicate machinery which tests the force of gunpowder. We shall take care that these experiments shall be duly reported.

This morning we witnessed a striking experiment made by Mr. Peter Von Schmidt with his preparation of the cotton. With about five grains of it he loaded a small revolving pistol, and with a percussion cap fired a ball at the distance of eighteen feet. The ball perforated two planks, each one and a half inches thick, made a large dent in a third plank, and fell to the ground quite flattened. The report was quite loud, and the impulsive force very strong. At a distance of

From the Bank Times.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Every friend of the rights of man, acquainted at all with the principles of the party, must admit that the democratic party is the party of equality, and if all true hearted Democrats would pause there and insist on obedience to that precept, no power could shake them.

Those who promote the equality of man, in all things conform to truth and nature; those who oppose it, certainly oppose the divine decrees.

The natural state of man and society is equality. Inequality is an unnatural and artificial state and a basis upon which no equal government can rest. In our country the best Democracy is found where property is most equal, and individuals are upon an equal footing.

Aristocracy is for your wealthy villages; and thus we find that the division of parties as they now exist, is a natural division, and comes from men's different social positions.

We have only to take a fair and comparative view of the history of the two parties, and of the principles they have advocated, to be convinced that the Federalists and Republicans of '98, and the Whigs and Democrats of 1846, maintain the same relative positions, and mutually contest the same principles. The one the party of equality and philanthropy, and the other the fraud party of inequality, privilege and monopoly. And having stood in natural opposition for nearly half a century, it is highly probable that they will continue, for half a century to come, unless, indeed, a greater equality among the citizens shall reign than heretofore, or unless, indeed, that rich men shall cease to covet wealth and influence by the special action of the government or their private possessions.

The party of Equality have thus far proved the strongest in all struggles and kept the government firm and stable. This is as true as is consoling to all who love their country and mankind.

And there is another truth, frequently lost sight of, that men's opposition in this community, generally, if not always, make their policies, and not any artificial preconcert and combination.

The Aristocrats of the early government were the men of unequal fortune, and they naturally struggled to enjoy in the government the same inequality that they did in the community.—

They were the men who staid at home in the revolution, much preferring the arts of thrift, to empty fame in their country's councils, or in arms.

The Democrats of that period were the great mass; the men of equal fortune, and they strove to preserve in the government the equality which they enjoyed in the community. This they called liberty, and for this they forfeited their lives and pledged their substance.

This was a natural division, resulting from a diversity of condition, and identical with our present division.

Men as naturally struggle for equality as they do to satisfy any of nature's wants.

The propensity is the basis of all good character in individuals, and who dreads its effects, and affects to condemn it but those men who are in the act of obtaining some unfair advantage in society or in the government?

Its operation is universal. No community however large or small, but what contains within itself elements of the aristocratic and the Democratic party. We see it in our common government, and it is alike visible in every primary people's meeting, and in all out religious and municipal communities, and what some, perhaps, may not credit, these elements of disunion are in the Democratic party itself.

We have the party of privilege, commonly called Conservative, or those who strive to preserve their inequality by artificial means, and we have the party of Equality, the common mass of democrats.

The two compose the equal rights Democrats, and the monopoly or aristocratical Democrats, who generally end their political career in disgrace or in the Whig ranks.

But no mere nominal democrat can despise these equalizing tendencies of our nation, without sundering their own professed faith.

Aristocrats of all parties, denounce all true democrats as radicals, levelers, and destructives, by which they would seem to infer that we entertain a feeling of hostility against the rich, and would, were it in our power, cause them to disgorge their wealth, and make an indiscriminate distribution of it,—in other words, we would set the poor against the rich. But the charge is entirely unjust, and entirely unfounded.

As far as relates to wealth, democracy guarantees to every man the quiet possession of his lawful gains, and protects his legal rights. The only object of its hostility, connected with wealth, is granting exclusive privileges by which a sort of monopoly is created, and by which one class obtains facilities to accumulate riches to the exclusion of another, and a more numerous class, and over which, by this means, the rich acquire an undue influence. We may say that our constitution is democratic in its principles, and is decidedly hostile to grants or special privileges of this description; that while it leaves a man free to pursue, with what success he may, any lawful calling that may suit his pleasure, it leaves the way open alike to all, without obstructions, other than public safety, and individual protection that may require, and never contemplated that while acting under its sanctions, legislative bodies should make laws, or pass acts, for the special use and benefit of some to the exclusion of others.

That democracy has sympathy for the poor, is unquestionably true. Wealth gives power and influence to its possessor, and in a government like ours, emphatically a community of rights, one great object is, to defend the rights of the poor against their injurious exercise. This is a truly democratic principle. It is the principle of republican equality. Wealth has ever made war upon poverty; the rich have ever labored to subject the poor to their control. Too generally have they succeeded. In this country, the poor have the power of self protection. That power consists, alone, in the use of the ballot box, which is not better improved!

It is the part of democracy to urge them to the free and proper exercise of this power, and by it to prevent the encroachments which wealth

would otherwise be certain to make on popular rights, to sustain and increase its undue influence. If this is radicalism or agrarianism, then are the true members of the Democratic party levelers—but, by this alone, will the poor avoid becoming the slaves of the rich—and if they wish to become such, let them give their support to the more wealthy party.

Justice requires that all should have their rights, the poor as well as the rich—and it is for the true interests of all classes, the rich as well as the poor, that every man be in the possession of his rights. Then let equality forever predominate among men.

#### TOBACCO BOMBARDED!

New Orleans papers of the 16th and 17th inst. bring intelligence from the U. States squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, and from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. The Daily Mail gives us a synopsis of the news.

An attack had been made on Tobasco, which was entirely successful. Its object was to cut out certain prizes anchored in the river, and they were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people was for yielding, but the Governor and soldiers opposed it.

Time was then given for all peaceable people women and children, to get out of harm's way; but the Governor will not allow any one to leave; so it is feared most of those killed in the bombardment, were other than soldiers. Some of the enemy's regulars, however, were killed.

The fleet left Anton Lizardo, October 16th, and arrived at Frontera the 23d, and captured two steamers, and several small schooners: on the 24th and 25th they ascended the river seven-tenths miles to Tobasco, towed by the Petrol and Vixen. They passed the Devil's Turn at 2 P. M., landed and spiked four 25 pounders. Arrived off Tobasco G P. M., and anchored in line, 150 yards from the shore—and summoned the city to surrender, which was refused, when three shots were fired from the Vixen. An officer came off, begging that the hospitals might be spared, which was granted. On Sunday no damage was done. One brig, three schooners, a large sloop were all captured. At the town and below, there were nine vessels and many boats captured. On Monday the 26th, at day-light, there began a smart fire of musketry from the shore, which was returned by our guns, and continued for some time, at intervals. A flag of truce came off, beseeching us to save the town. The Commodore assented, because, as he said, he only wished to frighten the soldiers.

The prizes were got under way, and ready for returning. The enemy's white flag was flying all the while. W. A. Parker, the Lieutenant, got ashore with his prize vessel, and was attacked by eighty soldiers, whom he beat off with 18 men only; losing one and getting two wounded. This action lasted thirty minutes, when Lieut. C. W. Morris was despatched to him with orders, and he, passing the heavy fire of the enemy, was wounded in the neck with a musket ball.

He stood up in his boat and cheered the men on gallantly till he fell in the arms of Midshipman Cheever.

The Commodore then commenced cannonading in good earnest from the Vixen, the Bouina, the Nonita, and the Forward; and in three-quarters of an hour, he almost destroyed the city, sparing the houses of the foreign consuls.

At mid-day, the fleet left, firing up the streets as they passed them. All the prizes were saved except one, which grounded and was burned by the Commodore's orders, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The Melaine struck on the bar at the mouth of the river, and did not get over to participate in the engagement until it was ended.

Lieut. Morris died on board the Cumberland on the 1st inst. and was buried with military honors.

The two compose the equal rights Democrats, and the monopoly or aristocratical Democrats, who generally end their political career in disgrace or in the Whig ranks.

The New Orleans Picayune has received a letter from a distinguished officer of the Americans at Monterey, which is three days later than anything we have seen. That portion of it in relation to Bustamante we look upon as rather doubtful, although the old general may have been sent up in the neighborhood of Chilpancingo and Somora to look after General Wool. We made extracts from the letter, says the Union, which is a fortunate man who is still young.

But one entry was made for Oats, viz.: by Josiah Dudley, of Paris, to whom your Committee awarded the premium as above. There was also one entry for Beans, viz.: by B. B. Willis, of Hanover, who raised 60 bushels per acre, to whom we have awarded a premium. Mr. Houghton of Waterford, made the only entry for Rye, whose crop of Spring Rye we have granted a premium to.

Of Wheat, but two entries were made, to both of which your Committee awarded a premium. Mr. Bishop of Peru, exhibited one bushel of seed wheat for premium. But as Committee had awarded him a premium on his crop of wheat, they presumed they were not authorized to award a premium on his seed wheat also. But they must say, in justice, that his wheat was of a very superior quality, and under other circumstances, they should most cheerfully have granted him a premium on his seed wheat.

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Many fine specimens of seed Corn were presented for show, or premium. As but one premium could be granted, many deserving specimens had to be passed by. Among the best were Capt. Barnes of Boston; Noah Prince of Buckfield; Crombie Watson, Daniel Chaplin, and Daniel Warren, of Waterford; a specimen from Paris, and one from Norway—owners not recollect.

Oct. 29. Poor Ridgely is dead! He was buried yesterday, and is mourned by the entire army. Major Lear will not live twenty-four hours longer. We have late news from San Luis de Potosi, to the effect that Santa Anna was there, with 12,000 men and no less than forty-seven general! He was recruiting daily, but his intentions were not known. It is reported that Bustamante has gone north, in the direction of Chihuahua, to meet Gen. Wool, and further, that he is positively asserted that the Indians are killing and laying waste all before them in the latter State.

We understand that despatches have been communicated from Gen. Wool. He was within three or four days march of Monclova, and was about 135 miles from Monterey. The report which the last evening's southern mail brings us from Monterey—viz.: that Gen. Ampudia was attempting to intercept Gen. Wool, seems to be entirely without foundation. It appears from Gen. Taylor, that Ampudia had abandoned Saltillo without completing its fortifications, and had gone southwardly, probably to San Luis de Potosi, instead of going to cope with Gen. Wool. Gen. Taylor considers himself almost as much master of Saltillo as if he were actually in the city.

SKIRMISH WITH SOME RANCHEROS. A letter from Capt. Calhoun, of the Georgia volunteers dated Monterey, Oct. 12, states that on the 14th, there was a skirmish, about six miles from Monterey, between a part of the Georgia regiment on its way from Camargo, and a body of the marauding rancheros under Canales. The Georgians were commanded by Lieut. Horne and began the attack; they made ten of the rancheros prisoners, killed one and captured some baggage. Several were wounded. None of the Georgians were killed or wounded.

SMOKING. According to the Worcester Transcript, the ladies in that town are getting along very fast. One of them was seen lately pronouncing the streets in company with a gentleman, puffing away at a cigar, just as though she loved it and nothing else."

#### OXFORD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Committee on Corn, Wheat, Rye, &c. awarded,

To Jedediah Burbank, of Bethel, for the best specimen of Indian Corn, being 143 bushels per acre, the first premium.

To James French of Albany, for second best, being 121 bushels per acre,

To Daniel Warren, of Waterford, for third best, being 116 bushels per acre,

To James French for best Seed Corn,

To Luther Houghton, of Waterford, for best crop of Rye, being 24 bushels per acre,

To B. B. Willis, of Hanover, for Beans,

To Josiah Dudley, of Paris, for best crop of Oats, being 77 bushels per acre,

To Squire Bishop, of Peru, for best crop of Wheat, being 31 bushels per acre,

To John Baker, of Waterford, for second best, being 27 1/2 bushels per acre,

To Mallory Brown, of Waterford, for 40 lbs. Flour from one bush. Wheat

gratuity.

In addition to the list of premiums awarded, your Committee ask leave to present some other facts connected with the culture of the various kinds of grain presented for premium.

Seven entries were made for premium on Indian Corn. Beside those to whom premiums were awarded, Messrs. John Baker, of Waterford raised 108 bushels per acre; Farum Jewett, of Waterford, 106 bushels; Arch Leavitt, of Turner, 104 bushels; and Zury Robinson, of Summer, 100 3/4 bushels, besides 1 bushel Beans, 4 cart loads of Pumpkins, and 5 bushels Potatoes from seed wintered in the ground, on one acre.

These products are unprecedented, being much higher than those of any other County in the State, so far as has been reported. Allow me merely to say that our young men need not be so zealous to migrate to the far west, when they can raise 140 bushels of corn in old Oxford.—Many good farmers amongst us, however, can hardly believe that such crops are, or can be raised.

And in this connection, your Committee suggest to all future claimants for premium, that they cause their land to be measured by a known Surveyor, and employ some person in whom the public can place implicit confidence, to measure the grain or crop.

Your Committee find by examination of the certificates of claimants, that in all cases, to ensure a large crop, the ground must be thoroughly and deeply ploughed and harrowed; also a heavy dressing of manure ploughed in, (except on rich pasture land,) and in addition thereto a quantity of strong manure must also be put in the hills, or as a top dressing, is very efficient. On the question, "How thick should corn be planted?" there is great diversity of opinions amongst the community. One fact is indisputable, viz.: Rich land may be planted thicker than that of moderate fertility. Mr. Burbank raised his corn on a good interval; sowed 3 1/2 feet wide, and the hills stood about 2 1/2 feet apart. His corn is of a kind called "Dion." Mr. French planted 3 feet one way and 2 the other—His corn an eight rowed variety. He mixed ashes and salt with his compost for the hill. Mr. Robinson planted 3 1/2 feet wide, hills 20 inches apart.—Some applicate by planting too close and too many stalks in a hill, diminished the size thereby rendering corn lighter and less valuable per bushel.

Of Wheat, but two entries were made, to both of which your Committee awarded a premium. Mr. Bishop of Peru, exhibited one bushel of seed wheat for premium. But as Committee had awarded him a premium on his crop of wheat, they presumed they were not authorized to award a premium on his seed wheat also. But they must say, in justice, that his wheat was of a very superior quality, and under other circumstances, they should most cheerfully have granted him a premium on his seed wheat.

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The children should, as a part of their education, also learn something of their own nature, physical and moral, and intellectual; and something of their relation to their Creator. The physical nature of man, his relation to the natural law, and the causes of health and disease, the children should grow up familiar with. The moral and intellectual natures, and the laws which the Creator has given them, should be known to all; that every man may foresee and avoid the misery from their infringement. And the children should early and impressively see the requirements of the Creator, and the duties they owe to Him as their preserver and benefactor.

But few of these things are taught in our elementary schools—taught clearly, understandingly and practically as they should be. They may be, and we trust there will soon be introduced such books and tracings into our common schools as to prove the truth of this assertion. There is no necessity of keeping a child eight or ten years, to learn his primer, write his name, cipher to the rule of three, and hate books and learning all the rest of his life!

No—our schools can and ought to increase the mind of the nation. They ought to enlarge its views, its productive powers, its energies, and render the people morally and intellectually happy. The common schools should prepare men for their callings, and for self-government.

Let the principles of education be thus carried out, and you fix the seal of that system which has given the flush of health and glow of youth to the dying carcass of aristocratic prejudice. The old tyrant has domineered long enough. It is time the spell was broken. We may not live to see the beast dead and buried, but know by the light of the rising sun of American principles that such will be its fate. Every thing of the obnoxious caste is failing before the light of reason and common sense. Those that would linger, will longer in vain; they may uselessly stagger for a while in the current of public opinion, but they will finally be carried along with it.

#### ELECTIONS.

The last trial, for the election of Representatives to the next Legislature, resulted in the choice of eleven Democrats and six Federalists and Federal Abolitionists. The House now stands, according to the August 1st, 1848, Democrats, 68 Federalists and Abolitionists, and the member from Astorok. There are fourteen vacancies, of these, ten are now represented by Democrats and four by Federalists.

Thus it will be seen that the prospects of the Federalists in this State have become desperate, and from the tone of their papers all hope of success has well nigh gone. With proper exertion, on the part of our friends, ten at least, of the remaining fourteen districts can be carried next Monday. The field is fast narrowing down, and it is high time for all sectional and personal considerations to be thrown aside. Local difficulties and subordinate questions have already lost to the Democracy several districts, and will yet give the Federalists the House, unless they are abandoned. To vote, and vote unitedly, is all that is necessary to prevent such a consummation.

It is therefore highly necessary for our friends to be alive to the importance of the next trial. We now have the power to elect Mr. Davis beyond the possibility of a doubt. Nothing but gross negligence or something worse, can defeat him. To secure this result, and make it *absolutely certain*, **EVERY DEMOCRAT** in the non-electing districts should be at the polls next Monday, and when there, vote the regular ticket. Will our friends in those districts at this County look seriously to the importance of a vigorous and united effort to save the State from Federal misrule? They can, if they but will it.

A duel was fought with pistols opposite Matamoras between two inhabitants of that place, Daniel Murphy and John Kasey. At the first fire, Murphy was shot in the side, above the hip—the wound is said to be severe, but not dangerous.

A letter writer says that a motor, to appearance faster than the sun, was seen at Louisville, Lewis County, N.Y., on the night of the 11th inst. It fell in a field and was found to be a body of flesh, jelly-like matter, four feet in diameter, and weighing 142 pounds.

In Philadelphia, December 1st, was arrested a counterfeiter, and seized \$2000 in notes of \$50's, \$100's, \$150's and \$50's on the Bank of Montgomery County, the Trenton Banking Company, and several other banks; also three "alarming plates" on the Mechanics' Bank of Burlington, the Bank of Montgomery County, and the Trenton Banking Company, and two plates, one for \$50 on the Trenton Banking Company, and one for \$100 on the Bank of Columbia.

From the Racing, Wissington, Argos, we learn that George McFadden, of that county, has given the editor a squash weighing 157 pounds. Mr. McFadden raised from one seed twelve of these vegetables, the aggregate weight of which was 1113 pounds. The aggregate length of the vines from this seed was 1860 feet, and the largest squash weighed 164 pounds—the largest squash of the vegetable species which we recollect to have heard of. Mr. McFadden is one of the best farmers in the territory.

How J. Q. ADAMS.—The Boston Daily Advertiser says—"We are happy to state that the symptoms which existed at the time of the attack of Mr. Adams, have materially improved. He has in a great degree the power of articulation and the use of the limb of the affected side. He is free from pain, has the full use of his faculties, and though feeble, is able to sit up for short periods."

JEROME.—The notorious Charles R. Bigelow, who is now in confinement in Boston awaiting his trial for bigamy, has been indicted, by the Grand Jury in Portland, for the murder of Col. Henley in 1843.

FRASER.—The Boston Olive Branch says a large portion of the white sugar in the market has a large admixture of *bound* molasses in it—say two or three cunes in every pound.

The old federalists which seeks to re-elect John Davis to the U.S. Senate is so busy that the Eagle, the organ of the natives at Boston, blames it thus:

"To our mind the Worcester Spy might be engaged in much better business than in libeling our adversary in Mexico. We have nothing to say with regard to the justice or injustice of the war, but we wish an American editor that would copy and enforce our views and denounce attacks upon our army from Mexican papers, as well as from the press of Europe."

#### THANKSGIVING.

The good old custom of Thanksgiving and Praise for the many favors which a kind Providence has bestowed upon us during this year, will be observed as usual on Thursday, in accordance with the executive proclamation. We gladly welcome the return of this great festival—a custom of the puritans, and one which of itself should go far to clear them of the charge of being the sinners they are often represented to have been. Without doubt, a century and a half ago, the social life of these ecclesiastics predominated over the religious. It was in days of feasting that the community gave themselves up entirely to long prayers and sermons and long faces. THANKSGIVINGS were the days of joy, when, along with praise and prayer, there were feasts and songs—when the family gathered under the homestead, and along with the fat of the land fixed with the heat of cookey, every thing was in abundance to gratify the "inner man." The old puritans are sometimes represented as living almost exclusively for the world to come, but their dresses, houses and larders tell the redeeming tale that they lived also for this world. THANKsgivings, banquets, weddings and ordinances, were days of hilarity. Scripture warranted them to set apart a time to laugh as well as to weep, to eat as well as to fast—and what they could quote Scripture for doing they did with all their hearts.

This festival is peculiarly a national one, and of so good a character that it has won its way from the small band of puritans who instituted it, into national observance—but few of the States composing our glorious Union disregard it. There seems to be a general desire on the part of the Executives of the different States, to appoint a day of Thanksgiving as soon as may be to each other; and in time we think a uniform day will be adopted in all the States, which will give the custom more of a national character than it now has. This would give a greater zest to the day, for people naturally enjoy all the more any occasion for rejoicing, the more there are to rejoice with.

In Portland, 21st ult., of Groves, Mr. Nehemiah Ryerson, landlord of the City Hotel.

#### MARRIED.

In Bethel, 23d inst., by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. George F. Hinkson, of this town, to Miss Julia A. Atwood, of Bethel.

In New Gloucester, 22d ult., Mr. Daniel E. Fenner, of Bartlett, N.H., to Miss Harriet O. Cushman, of Brunswick.

#### DIED.

In this town, Nov. 28th, Mrs. Maria King Brown, wife of Dr. Thomas H. Brown, aged 33. To laid the dead whether living or dead is a duty. Mrs. Brown, her numerous friends will pay the just tribute of affection. Her name was returned. Her most prominent act of action was in the circle of her chosen ones. In early life she professed the christian faith, and united with the christian church—a union we trust, which in its higher and perfect state still exists. The afflictions of Mrs. B. in the death of her children preyed deeply upon her spirit; and during her last years she seemed to prefer death and the christian's heritage to life and its sorrows. That preference, it is believed, she has gone fully to realize. May her afflicted husband, and all her living friends, so walk with God on earth, that to them life's great exit shall seem in the christian's triumph!

In Portland, 21st ult., of Groves, Mr. Nehemiah Ryerson, landlord of the City Hotel.

#### PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

EPHRAM W. FARRELL, Guardian of Eliza V. Farwell, a minor daughter of said Ephram, deceased, who died in the month of July, 1847, in Greenfield, in said County, and that it would be for the benefit of said Ward to sell her interest in said lands, and that the credits thereof be secured to her on interest; and in due course that license may be granted him to make sale of the same for the purpose aforesaid:

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six—

DEBORAH K. HALL, Administratrix of the estate of Philip M. Wheeler, late of Romford, in and County, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the same, and also her petition for payment for services for allowance on the personal estate, deceased, her late husband.

It was Ordered, that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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CHARLES H. CROCKER, Guardian of Isaac Howe, late of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the same, and also his petition for payment for services for allowance on the personal estate, deceased, his late husband.

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